

It's a Wonderful Life by [vanishingbyler](#)

Series: [A Very Byler Christmas \(2017\)](#) [7]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Characters: Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

The Mike Wheeler definition of *bliss*: a snowstorm, a movie night, and hot chocolate with plenty of marshmallows.

It's a Wonderful Life

Author's Note:

Catching up, here's yesterday's fic. This one has more Christmassy themes which i'll probably go into more over the rest of the series.

If you have any requests, or even just wanna talk, my tumblr is loversclubbing !

07/12/2017

The wind howled outside, a noisy indicator of the winter snowstorm. It had begun a little over half an hour ago, whilst the boys had been biking around Hawkins, and they rushed back to Will's house to escape the cold.

As they bundled through the door, Will's button nose had been tinted pink and there were flakes of snow clinging to his hair. He collapsed into fits of giggles as soon as he entered the warm house, and Mike couldn't help but join him.

After a few minutes of ceaseless laughter, the two composed themselves and went to change out of their wet clothes.

Mike was grateful for the spare set of clothes he kept at the Byers' house, as the legs of his pants were freezing cold and practically dripping. He pulled on a warm pair of flannel pyjama pants and an oversized t-shirt with the logo of some department store in Maine (a last minute, low budget Christmas gift from his cousin a couple years back). He towel dried his hair and swiped a fluffy blanket from Will's bed before traipsing back down to the living room.

When he returned, Will was waiting for him with mugs of hot chocolate, piled high with marshmallows. Will's had whipped cream, but he left it off Mike's, knowing how nauseous it made him feel. It was one of those things, the little things, that meant so much to Mike when people remembered.

Will's hair was tousled and half-dry, fluffy atop his head instead of plastered to his forehead as it was when they got in. His sweatpants were slightly small on him, while the bobbly knitted jumper Joyce had made for him a few years back was practically down to his knees. He was sitting on the couch, legs curled under him, and his hands were clutching the hot chocolate like a lifeline. His big doe eyes were transfixed on Mike, smiling softly. The TV was on, with crackly signal, playing *It's a Wonderful Life* quietly in the background. They watched this film together every Christmas, it was something Mike looked forward to every year. They could practically recite it by heart now, groaning in sync with the unbearably shrill "Every time a bell rings, an angel gets his wings!"

Will patted the seat beside him and Mike went to join him, cross legged and wrapping his hands around the steaming cup for warmth. Will rested his head on Mike's shoulder and weasled his way under the blanket, and they sipped their drinks in comforting silence as the movie played out.

That's how Joyce and Hopper found the boys, several hours later, as they came home from their date. Will was asleep, breathing softly and his mouth subtly parted, as Mike absent-mindedly stroked his hair, his eyes trained sleepily on the VHS of the *Star Wars Holiday Special*.

The two adults smiled at them, sharing a non-verbal conversation agreeing how pure their friendship was. Even though everyone in the room was aware of the mutually shared crush, they'd all be happy even if they remained platonic.

Joyce was careful not to wake Will as she kissed both boys on the forehead.